

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Will practice in the courts of Rockbridge and adjoining counties. Special attention given to the collection of claims. Office in Dold Building.

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Will practice in Rockbridge and adjoining counties. Special attention given to the Collection of Claims, Examination of Titles, and preparing Abstracts and Deeds.

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In town and country on very

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In small monthly payments; like paying rent.

Farms for sale for less money than they have

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We make a specialty of handling farms,

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WANTED.—Several good families

with a number of girls to work

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can get land to farm, or can get work

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bushels (exact) Rattan Rocker,

the largest size ever made, per

dozen, \$14.50. Our new 112

page catalogue containing full

descriptions of Drapery, Crochery,

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being sent free to all who will

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AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

When pretty Hester Warren married Ezra Banks, who was twenty years older than she, and a shy, silent man out of touch with village life, everybody said that she made a mistake that she would soon regret. Yet, though village eyes kept keen at watch upon them, village prophecy was for once at fault. Hester's girlish beauty changed into comfortable middle-aged comeliness, yet their devotion to each other was unchanged; indeed, after Nannie, their only child, married and left home, it seemed as if the pages of life had blown back for them and they were once more lovers, and the world was for them also.

That was before Ezra had typhoid fever. Through his long illness his wife nursed him tenderly, but he came from it a broken-down old man, with his ears forever scaled to all the common sounds to which his life had been set. He was slow in realizing this, but one day as he lay watching his wife and the doctor, the knowledge broke harshly upon him. He could see his wife's lips move as she smoothed the bed with her soft, wrinkled hand, but he could hear no word. Then he turned his dull eyes, with a pitiful look of pain darkening them, toward the doctor. He too, was speaking, but the deaf ears could catch no sound. His weak, peevish voice jarred suddenly upon their talk.

"Why don't you speak so I can hear you, old o' mumble?"

His wife started and then cast a quick, exploring glance at the doctor. She leaned down over the bed; her face was in the shadow and her husband could not see her eyes.

"Do you hear me now, dear?"

The words reached him faintly, and from a distance. He struggled with the sounds a minute or two before they resolved themselves into words.

"Of course I hear you," he said fretfully, "only why don't you speak up? I ain't so sick, I tell you."

The words were a little clearer now, though still far off.

"You have been very sick, but are getting better fast. It has to be quiet for you, you know, dear, but you will soon be up, now."

The old man shut his eyes wearily; the effort had been a heavy one for him. His wife turned to the doctor, her eyes shining through her tears.

"I can make him hear," she cried, "I know I can! I didn't believe Ezra could get where he couldn't hear me. And he needs it ever now."

The doctor looked at her and said nothing. He was a young man, and it seemed very pitiful to him.

But he had not understood the old man's strong conviction. In a few weeks he was about again, as well as ever, apparently, saved from the sealed car. His wife clattered to him in her old fashion, and kept out of sight the medicines he took for his strained voice; she cautioned the neighbors who came to see him, and thought that he did not know. But she was mistaken; there were other sounds—many of them—that had been woven into a life of nearly seventy years, and in place of these there was a great vacant stillness; and he knew all.

One afternoon she found him sitting in the big wooden chair in the kitchen, his old twisted hands. He gave her a tremulous smile as she came in.

"I'm most broken up, Hester," he said.

"Don't!" she cried, "don't! Ezra! I can't bear it! We're both getting older, but that's all 'tis."

He shook his head sadly.

"No, 'tain't, Hester—I've been a-seeing it for a long time. You're young yet—you can see and hear just as you used, but I—I'm an old man, Hester. You've been a good girl, and we had a happy life together, but I didn't calculate for you to be tied up to an old man. I've got to thinking about it lately, and sometimes I think folks was right and it hadn't order been."

The woman listened and a great pain seemed to beat up in her throat and choked her voice. She leaned over and put her trembling hands on his.

"Ezra," she cried, and the appeal in her voice carried it with clear distinctness to him, "Ezra, have I ever said or done a thing to make you feel so?"

He looked up, startled.

"God knows you haven't, Hester," he said earnestly.

"And, Ezra, if anything should happen to me—if I should be sick or helpless, would you love me less? Would

The Cruel Knife!

It is absolutely useless to expect a surgical operation to cure cancer, or any other blood disease. The cruelty of such treatment is illustrated in the alarming number of deaths which result from it. The disease is in the blood, and hence can not be cut out. Nine times out of ten the surgeon's knife only hastens death.

My son had a most malignant cancer, for which the doctors said an operation was the only hope. The operation was a severe one, as it was necessary to cut down to the bone and scrape it. Before a great while the cancer returned, and began to grow rapidly. We gave him many remedies without relief, and finally, upon the advice of a friend, decided to try S. S. S. (Swift's Specific), and within the second bottle he began to improve. After twenty bottles had been taken, the cancer disappeared entirely, and he was cured. The cure was a permanent one, for he is now seventeen years old, and has never had a sign of the dreadful disease to return.

J. N. MURDOCK,
279 Snodgrass St., Dallas, Texas.

Absolutely the only hope for Cancer is Swift's Specific.

S.S.S. For the Blood

as it is the only remedy which goes to the very bottom of the blood and forces out every trace of the disease. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable, and contains no potash, mercury, or other mineral.

Books on Cancer will be mailed free to any address by the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

A change came over the old man; it seemed for an instant that the face of his youth looked back at her.

"If it wasn't for your suffering, Hester, I wish you could see," he said almost passionately.

He rose stiffly, and stood with his arms about her, looking down the road. It was toward nightfall, and the valley was full of shadows, while above the hills floated soft gray clouds—and the dead sunset. And even as they looked a sudden thrill and flush came across these, and the valley was filled with the glory of the after-glow, and the two old figures stood silent in the midst of the golden light.

It was a few weeks after this that Hester caught a severe cold. She was in bed for several days, and Nannie had her husband and child to care for, and her mother would not let her stay long.

"They'll be needing you—I can get along now," she said.

"I guess they can get along without me a little while longer," answered Nannie.

"What say?"

Nannie looked alarmed; she raised her voice and spoke with careful emphasis—

"I guess—they can get along—without me a little while," she repeated.

Her mother nodded.

"I said it had been quite a while," she said. "I'm glad you're going, Nannie, though I shall miss you so."

Nannie's face filled with a pitiful tenderness. Her mother looked up suddenly and noticed, and a strange expression came into her eyes. She spoke with curious eagerness.

"Nannie," she said, "tell me true don't I hear as I used to?"

Nannie's face flushed. With a sudden impulsive gesture she threw her arms around her mother's eyes the strange expression grew into a glad light.

"Don't feel so, Nannie," she said. "I—I guess I'm almost glad. I'm going to tell your father."

Nannie went home the next day sorely against her will. She told her husband that it almost broke her heart to think of them so; if it wasn't for little Nannie she would go back there and stay, but she couldn't take the child—it might hurt her throat seriously to have to shout to them. Then she caught Nannie up and kissed her again and again; she wondered how she could live if she couldn't hear that baby voice. She was troubled, too, for the child had a delicate throat and she dared not take her often to see the old folks—and they would miss her so!

But it was not so hard; her mother spoke of it herself and said that she and father had talked it over, and they knew it would be best not to have the child there often. And Nannie mustn't worry—they could get along all right as long as they could hear each other. Indeed, it seemed as if the bond of suffering drew them closer together.

It was beautiful to see the old man's care for his wife and his tenderness in speaking to her. The neighbors who had pitied at first talked often of it; they said they never saw two deaf people take such comfort in each other. Often on summer days the two high-pitched voices would be heard, and the people passing would smile at each other and sometimes linger a little.

"Tis kind o' social to hear them," they said.

So the winter passed and the summer,

mer, and then quite suddenly, one night when the earth was lying hushed and silent under a soft fall of snow, the old man passed from the silence of his life into the greater silence that is beyond the reach of human voice.

The neighbors for miles around came to the funeral, and the house was full of grave decorous whispers, broken strangely when any one spoke to the wife. She was pale and silent; only once did she speak of anything that she wanted done, and then she called Nannie hesitatingly.

"Tell him I don't want him to speak so I can hear. It—it wouldn't seem proper, somehow. It won't make any difference to Ezra now, and I"—she faltered a moment, and tender light came into the faded blue eyes—"I guess he can't say anything about my husband that I don't know a hundred times better than him."

"I'll tell him, mother," said Nannie, gently.

Her mother spoke slowly, choosing her words. "And tell him," she said, "that we've lived together thirty years, and it don't seem more than thirty weeks as I look back. And tell him that in it all was never an angry word, never anything but a love I can speak o', and tell" (she was crying a little now, but her face was still touched with the wonderful light) "tell him that the only thing I'm sorry for now is that there wasn't more I could do to show my love for my husband."

"I will tell him all," said Nannie.

That was a strange funeral—the neighbors spoke of it afterwards. The still figure that sat dead to the words of tender healing spoken by the minister seemed to lend an element of mystery to the scene, and the contrast between the darkened room and the brilliant, sparkling world outside flashed upon their eyes like a miracle.

They spoke of it on the way home, and said that Ezra had been a good husband to her, and no one would fill his place.

"Nannie means all right," Mrs. Tarbox said, smoothing her black dress, "but she hasn't time to set down and make a work of entertaining her mother."

"Tis so," answered Mrs. Slocum, and Hester'll miss entertaining Ezra, too. 'Tain't as though she wasn't afflicted, either way. She's young and spry enough yet, but it seems most as if it's no use."

"I shall sort o' miss hearing them summer evenings," said her friend. "We were so near, you know—it seemed almost like company."

"I guess we'll all feel bad to see the house shut up," responded Mrs. Slocum, her voice full of the solemnity of the occasion.

And Mrs. Banks, all unconscious of the talk, was being driven over to Nannie's. She was so quiet that her daughter did not disturb her.

"I don't feel as if I knew what to say to her, though she is my mother," she whispered to her husband.

They helped her tenderly into the house and Nannie put her into the easiest chair. From the next room a baby voice broke in upon them.

"Mamma, can I see dramma? Nannie wants to see dramma?"

Nannie was hurrying to the door when a voice stopped her.

"Let me have Nannie, please—it's so long since I have!"

Nannie stopped at the door, a great wonder in her eyes.

"Why, mother!" she exclaimed.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by others.

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CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
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LONDON, ENGLAND.

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.



Her mother looked up at her with a tremulous smile.

"Yes, I know. I meant to tell you before, but I couldn't, somehow. I've heard all the time; I was only deaf a day or two from cold, I thought I really was at first, and then I kept it up, because in comforted him, somehow. He'd felt he was old and breaking down, you know, but when I did, too, he felt better and cheered right up. There was only one thing—I did want the baby so! And it seemed as if 'twould break my heart when she did come not to answer her, and to have her strain her little voice to make me hear!"

"And you kept it up all these months said Nannie, in hushed tone. Her mother looked up; she was holding little Nannie with eager, trembling hands, and it almost seemed as if the golden baby head reflected a wonderful light upon her tired face.

"I guess when you've loved a man more than thirty years, that isn't much to do," she said.—Pacific Rural Press.

A CHILD ENJOYS

The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

It is interesting to note the English equivalents for Spanish proverbs. When we say, "He is not worth his salt," they say, "He is not worth his ears full of water," essentially the proverb of a thirsty nation.

When we say, "You want the earth," their equivalent is, "That is to expect the wolf to leave meat at your door."

"One man's meat is another man's poison" is rendered in Spanish, "What cured Sancho made Martha sick."

"Out of the frying pan into the fire" with them is, "Escaping the bull, he fell into the brook."

Their way of saying, "By hook or by crook" is "It must come out of the sleeve or the shirt."

When we are all we allude to our condition in the words "As sick as a dog" where the Spaniards say, "As sick as a Jew on Saturday," a proverb used in the day when the Hebrew had to feign illness to avoid the transaction of business on his Sabbath.

DIDN'T KNOW THE WAR WAS ON.

The Baltimore News says one of the first callers at the office of the Adams Express Company to-day wanted to express a bill of goods, the cost of which was 30 cents. He was informed that the amount would be 31 cents, 1 cent for revenue.

"What revenue?" he asked.

"War tax," replied the clerk.

"War tax for what?" asked the customer.

"For the war with Spain of course," replied the clerk.

"What war with Spain?"

The clerk thought he was joking, but his face was straight, and unless the clerk was badly fooled there is one man in the country who doesn't know the war is on. That man should take a paper. Even a paper of pins would give him some points.

WAX ON FRUIT.

The preserving season now being on, the attention of the ladies is called to the fact that pure paraffine wax poured on top of fruit will keep it indefinitely and without mold. The wax being put on the fruit while the jars are warm hermetically seal them, preventing air from reaching the contents. Fruit preserved in this way will be found on opening to be just as good as when put away. This wax is very cheap and can be found at all the stores. Once tried you will never return to the annoyance of spoiled and mouldy fruit.

The merchant who advertises only in the busy season is like the cyclist who pedals only when going down hill.

It Pays

US TO SELL YOU GOOD GOODS. Why? Because it pays you to buy that kind, and you'll come back and want more "just like" them. It is very pleasant to have people come and ask for an article "just like I got before," and we hear that sort of thing very often.

IT is often said about our SHOES. We carry a very large stock of Shoes, and can please almost anybody. We don't mark them \$2.00 when we are going to sell them for \$2.00, or \$1.50 when they are to go at \$1.35. THE MARKED PRICE IS THE SELLING PRICE. We have learned by experience that a very cheap (7) shoe is dear at any price; so we don't try to keep the lowest priced shoes, but we guarantee to furnish you the best quality at a given price, that that sum of money will buy. Let's indulge in some shoe talk. Take our

"WEAR RESISTERS"

for instance. We buy them direct from the makers, and they claim to put in them only the best of stock. Just so surely as a man wears a pair of these shoes he'll want another pair "just like them." Have you tried them? They are made in a variety of styles, and cost from \$1.50 to \$2.00.

As for Misses' and Children's Shoes, we simply have what we believe to be THE VERY BEST. They are "Moloney's," and words cannot express too high praise. We have tested them and know. They are perfect in fit, style and finish, and wear as well as they look. You can buy shoes for less money than these, but none that will please you as well at any price. Bring in the ladies and the little misses. Moloney don't make shoes for boys, and get them well shod. We have Boys' Shoes, too, but of another make, and we are not afraid to recommend them also. They are built to wear, and look well, too. Indeed we have seen no better. \$1.25 to \$2.00, according to size.

Ladies' Shoes and Oxfords. Our trade in these has been better this year than last, but owing to the fact that we carried over a big lot from last year, we are heavily stocked up, and are offering some extra values. Some of them are planted, and we are cutting the price down to correspond. Oxfords, tan and black, 75c, to \$2.50. Lace and Button Boots at \$1.50 per pair, are specially good.

Hamburg Embroideries. We have some of the daintiest, prettiest patterns we have ever had, ranging in price from 2c. to 50c. per yard.

VAL. LACES, at 2c. to 15c., or 20c. to \$1.50 per dozen yards. Tuckings, All-overs, and all manner of White Goods.

FANS. A thousand fans ranging from 3c. to 50c.

KID GLOVES are selling well with us. Centimeter's are the best; don't forget them. Elbow-length White Kid Gloves at \$1.50.

We are determined to maintain the high standard we have set in all our business, and will make good to you anything we sell that does not come up to our recommendation.

IRWIN & CO.

N. B. If you have an account of long standing, please favor us at once with a settlement of it.

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Set of Harness